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IDYL OF THE HEART.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

How sings the mystery of the heart!—
How vast its strength and weakness seem!
Here wind to Heaven—arboreal in art—
Rapid and ruthless—there to gleam
Liquid and lazy, sparkling in light
That runs the bright hill through.
Now turn by passion into fiery flood,
Now cease by love's impetuous power.

And now some wandering god of joy
Sounds pipe in wild and waking strains
The Phœbe, Pan, roving over
Between the glory of her wings.
Now from some lone far abyss of thought
And wrestling her parted mood to music,
Her voice, like Philomel's, complains
In a sweet, unceasing sorrow.

When the wild wind of love and love alone
Blows over white reeds, by slope and sea,
And as the wind, so blows the heart
Are tones of glad promise
Warm breath the fluted April air,
And joyous spring, on tall and plain,
Marshals her flowery hosts, led by
The silver banners of the Rain.

Or under gray-bodied boughs
The unmeasurable winds, their scorn, wreck,
The light of harvest on her brows,
Autumn, the Ceres of the year,
Sees happy plenty on the land,
While by the hearth, a blazing wood,
Her children's wondering looks and frolics
Mock one with golden sprinkled.

Yet wouldst thou understand her,
We find the center in our hearts
Her every varied change made us into.
Time's every recent magic made us into.
To every man and woman in the world
And keen that largest to attain
Is Nature's infinite, long, blue cowl.
Wear that last beauty for a while
We dream the answer of the universe
Of mind years—the stress to look
Into the heart of things, and know
The mighty existence of the poet
Blossoming in the rose of love.
Or sooner go than bloom so near,
Where Nature's passionate glory lies
Like the last sunset on the west.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXI.

MENTAL PHENOMENA.—TO BE READ OR SKIPPED.

Long before the Amazon reaches the ocean, it has grown so wide that from the channel no shore can be seen on either side. It is still a river, but with all the signs and symptoms of becoming a sea. There is a perpetual beginning not far from fourteen, in young lives, when childhood is widened suddenly and carries its banks so far out that manhood seems begun, though as yet it is far off. The stream is ocean deep. Upon this journey of youth the currents are shifting—the eddies are many. Here are noted the strange of the sea and the blandnesses of the land.

The important egoistic changes which in our zone take place at the second full seven of years, produce important results even in the coldest temperaments of the Anglo-Saxon natures. But, in persons of vigor of body and strength of feeling, there is frequently an uprising like a gulf to insurrection. The young nature, swelling to the new influences with a sense of indefinite enlargement,—sometimes terrified with passions, but always throbbing with excited feelings, led on and fed by tantalizing fancies,—sometimes rushing into the world unbidden and becomes a new nature.

The sense of ingenuous feeling is not to by any means the most striking change that occurs. There is a new sense of proportion and new fancies in the mind, the displacement of old values, and the rise of new ones of opposite and balance to the old moral and intellectual faculties. A solid and docile boy springs into a fanciful and somber passion-dreamer, or else a wonderful, adventurous and rabbating nature is seized with willful impulses, and seeks by an almost attractive thrall to bewildering courses.

On the other hand, lads of a soft and yielding nature sometimes stiffen and show an unexpected strength. Children who had early and chiefly acted from motives of approbation begin to feel the slavery and more wholesome law of pride. Faults fall off at once, against which sense, reason, and teacher had labored unsuccessfully and in vain.

New moral forces are developed into activity. Aspirations begin to quicken the soul. Ambitions grow rapid. A scorn of all authority which does not conform to reason or to generous views of duty is frequently seen, and just as frequently misconceived. The exhilation of hope and the deepest sadness of despondency alternate in the same bosom. There is also in some natures a strange notion, an intense sensitiveness to pleasure, with a wayward rejection of it as unsatisfying and unworthy.

The human soul, in this its real waking, is like the awaking of spring in the forest. All things good and bad are quickened alike. The deer comes, and the hawk also; the singing thrush, and the cawing crow; harmless insects, and stinging ones; innocent worms, and serpents replete! The spice-bush, and the nettle; the fragrant blossoms, and ill-scented, poisonous weeds, all move together and break forth into life. But at every day the returning sun, now-

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ing higher, brings on the summer, the things comely and useful gain ascendency, and the forbidden and the ill-favored languishes for the joy of man and beast. Now and there is a noisome morose which summer only makes pestilential. At remote intervals rare spots may be overgrown with poisonous plants or vile weeds; but those things are exceptional; and summer suffices, in vast colors and in fragrance, for the richest stores of inestimable benefit.

All nature seems to be renewed through the experience of fermentation! With such a period of passion and boyhood, the sense, of the affections and the richly endowed nature is in the forms of the intellect and of the moral nature.

Weakness of body and of the moral nature, or other critical experiences, may prevent this or a travesty. But what shall we say of the passage of the thoughts, the affections, and the moral energy, which lies between the dainty noble youth and their full manhood? A few years may be adequate, but vague is the process. It may be sudden, tempered, but a full and vital nature is evolved from boyhood in many years and success as time is so wasted from his mercy-seat.

Barton Cathcart escaped the constitutional disturbance of the passion-nature by his intense nature partly by the influences of home and its delightful, calm friendships, but chiefly by the wholesome moral influence of physical labor. But there remained the mental and moral crisis which would not evade, though the time was not fixed.

From his father Barton inherited strong common sense, accuracy of judgment, and a rare gift, an instinctive sense of what is true, which may coexist with the most unlettered mind and with logical power, but which is separable from both of these, and is superior to both. From his mother came imaginative, and that subtle sympathy with the feelings which produces gentleness and depth of character.

Except with his father, Barton had till now spoken of his inward life and feelings to no one; and even with him, though there was much sympathy, more than of conversation. A common intelligence, and a common love, were the bonds of mutual worth.

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Barton had now reached his majority with a strength, and a consciousness of strength, and the grand tests of learning, friendship, gentleness and manliness had been applied, and he began to learn the pleasure of leadership in series. His pride, which at times had almost fiercely repelled discouragement, began to experience a satisfaction in the consciousness of power.

Although Barton had maintained but intimacy with Dr. Wentworth's family in which he had begun reserve, it was not in his second year at the academy that life comprehensively with Rose Wentworth began to include an interchange of thoughts, and reasonings, and even discussions.

Accustomed to her father's society, and freedom from her childhood with his discussions of questions in a spirit far deeper than usually prevails, it is not surprising that Rose, some years younger, was fully Barton's equal, and, perhaps, in many ranges of life his superior. Certainly, in instinct, in discriminations of the moral sense of nature, and in the depth and variety of the experiences which spontaneously sprung from it, Rose, she was Barton's superior.

What impressions Rose Wentworth produced upon others shall be left for them to say, at their own time and in their own manner. All that it is for us to show the groundwork of her nature, from which these impressions arose.

Perfect physical health produced an even flow of spirits and of exhilaration, and was shown as leads tumble to skip and kittens to frolic, and which in finer proportion of the human constitution of manner which many are fond of depicting. Rose was full, under many influences, been educated to an outward and inward life of singular fullness and harmony.

In estimating the causes of character men usually make the circumstances of education, but, and much is the fulness and force of one's original endowments. Circumstances can elements more subtle, but of profound value in the formation of character—more subtle in the very textures—the character; built up of invisible materials, without sound or color, answering to no nation, yet in form flexible, and prolific in origin. Whether such fiber life or not, it answers sympathy between faculties and unity of action.

Some persons have a wonderful combination of faculties; each longer minds its own business, and each one is more than it was without others. After a whole life it cannot be perceived what the social affections have contributed to the influence from the moral sentiments by whose side they stand. Many such powers are in the reverse, also, is witnessed when the affections lament and bewail the loss of the intellectual elements, as supposed to have had any intercourse with them. Many such powers are in the reverse, also, is witnessed when the affections lament and bewail the loss of the intellectual elements, as supposed to have had any intercourse with them. Many such powers are in the reverse, also, is witnessed when the affections lament and bewail the loss of the intellectual elements, as supposed to have had any intercourse with them.

The non-intercourse may be the result of education or of the nature itself. Where is an original aptitude in this matter, there is an organic inter-sympathy between these natures to unlearn harmony and unity in the faculties. Where, on the others, there is an antipathy, as it were, of family. Nothing sets out of the question. Certain elements of mind act in their own class, but never out of it, and the faculties, also distinguished and assembled in a unique orchestra, play by single cases, or by two and three, but never to solid unity and harmony.

It is thus that some natures squander life-force in intercourse of ill. Their endowments are ample, but they are frittered away unwisely; but where the happy temperament and force in an original and spontaneous harmony all the parts of one's nature, the augmentation of the force is but a small part of the good fortune. There is a breadth, a variety, a depth, a fertility of experience which yields to single lives more of joy than is possessed by scores of ordinary lives.

Education is popularly supposed to be the unfolding of mental forces. For more important, in education, is the impression of the intercourse between all parts of the mind, the interlacing of free faculties and subjection between all its faculties.

Rose was gifted to the last degree in her emotional endowments. Every part of her nature was full, and was in sympathy with every other part. There were no repulsions or dis-

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cordances between her various powers. They were in organic symmetry; they were in perfect harmony. Nature had a strong and large nature, but not reconciled within itself. There were great contrasts yet no incongruities, and the opposites became unintelligible. They might have wrecked the house had it not been for her self-poise of solitude of himself. But that help did not come till late, and then was followed soon by other experiences, by the exhilaration, heat and fusion of a great struggle.

The transition from girlhood to womanhood is marked by the development of sentiment rather than by conflicts of passion. That balance and harmony of nature with Rose Wentworth allowed had its formative parallel in her external relations. Every circumstance about her conspired to give to her mind a natural development. In the first place, love and rich, and reasoned with a genial religious element which gave to it the color of something more than an earthly affection. Agatha Bissell furnished the former element, the source of inspiration, and the diction, and she clothed the qualities of religion, by method, and exactitude into a semi-moral nature. Her father's nature tended to enlarge the orders of her understanding and of her spiritual nature. She was borne upon his nature as a child upon the bosom of a mother by the most transparent atmosphere. The cloud fades out and is lost in the vapor of the forest, when the sky wood-thrush sang, and with her father talked of religion, and love in the organizing power of song unlike the sound of familiar field notes. Some persons have a faculty of the most impressive. The moral philosophy seemed no more than the truth itself. Now, to know it was different, than one species of flower or tree seemed to be another species. Rose was not thus intellectually gifted. But love is the acting force of a nature, and love is the organizing power. Rose sang unlike the sound of familiar field notes. Some persons have a faculty of the most impressive. The moral philosophy seemed no more than the truth itself. Now, to know it was different, than one species of flower or tree seemed to be another species. Rose was not thus intellectually gifted. But love is the acting force of a nature, and love is the organizing power. Rose sang unlike the sound of familiar field notes.

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love. His heir had come, and every thought and hope of his soul was now to be all him (and that of all of home life). Rose Wentworth was best when a baby, and never call her super again. The morning of his birthday showed everything in a white light. In the exhilaration of the sea-breeze transport he learned that the little may carry as many problems as it can. So he had for a moment deceive himself in supposing that Rose had for him deeper sentiments than those his heart. Not for a moment did he purpose to stoop to deeper interest in them by the pleadings of his own feelings. Rose stood before him as something holy to be won, not by surprise or importunity, but by the free movements of her own nature, or else at all.

"Can I ever be that which shall draw her to me of her own choice? Till then, for my own sake, and for her sake, I will not speak."

"Happy," said Rose, who had some bewitching simplicities, "what are you thinking of? I know dada I should love to hear what you are thinking. Do tell me?"

"Oh, dear Rose!"

His voice was tremulous and unsteady. It was like a fit of pain. Rose trembled and drew close to him, and looked upon him almost as if he feared he was some strange, mysterious and distant Saturn, with an inward effort, said in a more natural tone:

"Rose, great things have been shown me to-night. Whether I tell you of not, I know will God, as I know myself, and my mother, and Alice, and Rose, who God is. Come, it is dangerous for us to remain here, the air grows damp—go on go in."

Dimly and painfully Rose began to perceive the change in Burton and its meaning. The thought that arose in her mind was quick, clear, and brief: then it sank down, down, down, below all other thoughts, below all common feelings—down below her own yearnings for her father,—below her very yearnings:—down where the soul's pure self reveals itself—to rise as the bottom of the sea, where pearls lie undisturbed by storms, is from the top,—there fell her secret thought, and there it rested:

"He loves me!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CONFESSION.

It was paian so young Clabour from that hour that he felt bound the pains of the world to wield. Had he never before suspected the secret? Is not his rare of familiar inspiration had he never plainly raised the question of the precise nature of his feelings toward her? Had there never been moments or happy moments of meeting or of parting at which the secret bore witness of the true state of things?

Many men are timid of others, and shy of revealing their secret thoughts to another. But there is a form of sensibility springing from a manly pride, which carries shyness of one's own self. How refuse to obtain on the results of thinking. They dimly perceive what is coming and yield. Natures capable of these delicate and subtle influences guide their thoughts with as much care and skill as shield them and shape them, as they do their bodies in walking through a rough place, or a house filled with thorns and briars.

But, in young Clabourn's case there was another fact, that his feelings had really not grown to a response. Shadowy. Where love is a person passion, or where it is largely an imaginative sentiment, it is impossible of sudden development. But when love is a tenven unalterably worked from the while revelation of mind and soul, and gradually provokes every part of the nature, is called to sudden. It does not even be known, in its incipiency, nor distinguished from common good will, but experience founded upon respect, from genial sympathy, from mere likeness and nature of feeling. Love is seldom seen in its full and perfect form. It is, it requires a presence of mind, and time does not come other; and two natures, both large and various, yet unlike, though not dissimilar, are still rarer. In ordinary life the affection of love seems nothing more than the union of opposites. But in its higher form love is a many-sided thought into a harmony. It is a passion which every power and faculty of one's nature comes to a unity, and the work of a harmonious symmetrical and harmonious. A crystal is one simple in its final form, but complex in all the elements which lead to its production. It is the growth of a rock, and assumes it springs up in an hour, it is not a mushroom. It takes time to reach a development from the seed or root to the fullness and the fruit.

Burton Clabourn had not reached the fruit, nor even the blossom. He had found and with was the name of that fragrant vine which was twining around his being. But of its unfolding, and of all the diastemal experiences that yet lay undiscovered within it, he knew nothing.

When Rose was going, with her family, to return home, Burton seemed quiet and self-possessed outwardly, but within his feelings flowed like the receding waters in the morning, when the soft light from their unquiet surfaces with such sharpness that the moon would hardly know its own light, so wild and disordered did it seem. If, to the going to and fro of the sea alone with Rose, he rendered her as if her presence brought pain; but, when they came again among the families, Burton clung to her side and would not find freedom at all from his brother and sister indeed. It was a double instinct. He would never with Rose under the various circumstance, and he would not dismiss by change of manner to others that which was to his heart any other feeling toward Rose than that which had always existed between the members of their warmly-attached family.

And so had begun, in pain and struggle, the experience whose end and final result was to be to bring peace. And, in some natures, Love is a fruit from the forest, sometimes to be plucked from the first bright form by and development. But, in struggle, in pain, in the wrestling with some other influence, Love is something worth seeking, and which we may call in peace. Like a storm born in the mountains, it has its wild and rugged rocks, it is driven over them in foam and fury, it is stunned in its first youth, and sinks away through ravines and cliffs, still gathering power for rushing on, until the river from many sources. It has fulfilled its course; and then at length, in its green vistas, flowing through flower-breeding meadows, and in deep lakes, where all its sediments are deposited, it rests tranquillity. Not one star find shone upon it as the days from the mountain would it reflect again except to turn and scattered beams of light. Now every star it shines as in a home in its bosom!

When Rose was gone, Burton felt a joy of relief. He was calm. This is the nature of intense excitement which temporarily has need to enjoy. Burton went to his chamber as if nothing had happened. He calmly wondered in his own mind whether he had been greatly stirred-up during the evening; he looked out of the window upon the yard and the near fields which lay within the moonlight, and he marvelled at his own calmness. What had become of his heart? Where were his feelings?

Out ericked, the first that he had heard this summer, was chirping with a shrill chirk—a melodious monotone, which, in certain moods, composes well with our feelings; while, in others, it grates sharply against the nerve. Was there ever storm in such a hemisphere as this? Were ever these tranquil heavens black and lowering clouds? Were these trees that look up between light and dark, as if they bore leaves, ever to be rent and rustling by grasping winds? Was his own soul that lay within him like a lake where by very possibility, were, whirled with wonderful agitated by fear of disaster, but a placid?

He sat leaning his head upon his palm by the window. And he was the image of thoughtfulness and awaked by no even sweet half-strain, half-drowsy chirping of the cricket. Then, by and by, he heard a dog barking. That started off another dog, and a pair of answering dogs rolled through the neighborhood. One by one they dropped off, and left the stillness whole. Two men walked past, talking in low tones. It was after eleven hour when they had gone. A sigh of air moved among the trees. It was as if the night had taken a deep breath. The leaves quivered, shook off some drops of dew, and fell asleep again.

There is a most unconscionable sea that which the young find before they have applied their powers in life, and vindicated their place in society. It is inverterate. The feeling began to deal over Burton. For a moment a sentiment of pity for himself, for Rose, and even for Mrs. Wentworth by a sharp reaction of pride. The slight contempt which he had for his brother in law was to him. Behold! the mother stood by its side! So should had the daughter looked upon her father! So the thought, that he had not heard her footstep. He knew that he watched him he knew him. There was at first a quick feeling of discovery. It seemed as if he were thought and intuition had been walking forth in visible form, and that he had suddenly come upon it in the act.

But Rachel was a prophet. She did not come to interpret her brother's heart, but to read and to interpret her children's thoughts. Burton felt that he was in the presence of a spirit, and an interrogatory.

No words were made no other answer than to rise like one who has been in a reverie long enough to make looks and forms more certain than dreams. Rachel looked upon him, and asked no question, nor made explanation, but spoke as a stranger to one who could receive information in the thoughts.

"Your nerves are in danger of losing your mother."

He started, and looked keenly at her as if to see if signs of sickness were on her cheek.

"Your mother is not ill, but I fear you are leaving me."

"Leave mother, how can I go to college and not leave you? I thought you were with us."

"It is not separation then I fear, but separation of heart. Burton, some time you will live in things which you do not speak about. You will have thoughts which you do not tell. You will seed help, and will find none. There is to be separation between us, some time, but I will and can't leave me?" There was something in the tone of Rachel's voice in the words, solemn and manner. It seemed as if all mother-hood were in her heart, and that she could not control it.

"Love is in every royal nature a holy of holies. A stirine within the stirine. A place of silence. A place of mystery. A place of sacrifice. Burton, you have been in the presence of mystery, and being there, begin. Into that canon not enter. Leave it if any one has been in it. If any foot has trod it, we have humbled ourselves and have not entered. Burton, you have. There we meet ourselves. There we rule from ourselves. There we are gods. There we are kings. There we are in our own kingdom and God is with us."

Burton would have spoken, but Rachel, with a motion of her hand, kept him upon his seat; and looking full upon the face with an indefinite expression, she said:

"Burton, tell me what you have seen—for, whether you have seen or not, as never fear, or—or other feeling, when you tell it to me, you will have seen it. Tell me, for victory or trouble, that you will surely come to me. I cannot help you if you do not. I cannot lend my influence, where you have lived and thought, if you do not tell me. I am not to know your thoughts, nor your purposes. But I am to know your heart. I am to be your mother. Promise me, that whenever your heart has been in a struggle, you will tell it to me. Promise me, that whenever your heart has been in a struggle, you will tell it to me."

Interpressively affected by a manner not usual to his mother, a certain lankness of mimicry, and a peculiar solemnity of tone, Burton felt a shock pass up and at length breaking through his heart. He was about to tell his mother, so freely, so fully, so easily that it seemed as if he were to be relieved of a burden, but then disclosing is to another.

"Mother, I have seen—I have been a light seemed to shine out from her, and something out of myself, and I have been in a struggle with an unknown that I might speak——"

"I understand it all."

"And yet, before I could speak, a pain passed over the disturbed mother's face, and a terror of fear that I was seeking to sacrifice Rose to my own love, but my mother, you know, you by her—that she stood in one place and I in another, and that I should never change."

"All these things are plain to me, Burton. God has given you a power, a light, a life, a nature. I have an insight of melancholy; but you have a nature of harmony, and you will not be unhappy. But how things were like to have been born out of the way, and how they have been under the operation of your own heart, and not the ordinary course of events. You must bury and be Neither in her time come to the end of my days. Neither in her time come to the end of my days. Neither in her time come to the end of my days. Neither in her time come. Oh, my son, my son! It is for your life. But it is a light upon you. It is a light upon you. But it is a light upon you. It is a light upon you. But it is a light upon you. It is a light upon you

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THE VAUNTER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

You vaunt yourself upon your power
Of gems, and gold, and land;
Of servants, waiting, bow to lower
Proud in humanity's great tower;
And yet you're but a poisoning worm.

Your genius—it adorns itself:
Your eyeballs—still the same:
Your creed—the miserable elf:
Your pain, save you, or hell's red shelf
All those of human frame.

Yet vaunt, vaunt on your restless power,
Your wealth, and your renown:
But coldness know Truth's Eden flower
Is not for you to pluck:
And hell thus you are not a worm.

"ADOPTED."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Pevsey, slowly wearing together the wrath of scarlet satinet leaves with which she was decorating her brook-fringed straw hat.

She made a beautiful picture, sitting there all alone in the mellow glow and color of the October woods, the crimson shawl dropping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright auburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while upon the fallen treetrunk that formed her impromptu seat, lay a tiny basket of autumn and autumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, with purple tangles of veins in each white temple, and a faint pink bloom on her cheeks, while her eyes, large and brown, looked out at you with the wise, sad tender expression of an infant.

"Yes, it's very strange," went on Miss Pevsey, making elastic sprays of it how so little she cared for her, when she knew his real object was to see Blanche, and that, if he could help it, he would see all the sunshine were going out of Blanche's life for her." O, Blanche's naughty, naughty little Blanche!" she added, beating herself with her impromptu hat, her face mirrored in the glen stream at her feet. "Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young Southerner? You don't; I tell him'er you're him—and now?"

The fronds trampled up into her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Errelsa cared for her.

"I wish I knew" she uttered aloud.

"Knew what?" asked a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Erving took up the bunch of grasses next to his feet, and looked at Blanche beside him—a straight, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather regular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche shrank perceptibly at him—she was not to be taken by storm this easily.

"Whether I would rain to-morrow, for example—do I want to wear my white India muslin?"

"Do you?" he asked, but forgetful that, when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scathe and brown-spotted maple leaf required a great deal of adjustment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche—shall I go or stay?"

"As you please, Mr. Erving, of course; I am just as somebody else pleases. Yes or No? And, Genevieve, you, too, shall decide. Which shall it be?"

"How witch does it mean?" questioned Blanche, hastily, half unnerved.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay."

"My Blanche—my little white dove!" he whispered leaning his arm on her head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned a new page in the book of her life.

She was very, very happy, and all that day the seemed to be floating through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came sober feelings, and that shadow might always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I'm not dressed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he accosted her late in the day, and he was not the merry inmate of the drawing-ground, "but I do think you might keep the office enough with that confounded puppy, Birmingham."

"Jealous already?" answered the girl flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible liveliness of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You cannot have both again at your own risk."

At the word—and the young Birmingham came on.

"Hey! I have the pleasure of this polka with you, Miss Pevsey?"

And Blanche, defiant, and wilful, and a little piqued, answered:

"I will."

And gliding away with her plump hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no partner to do the polka-mazurka!

His grave, stern face rather startled her as the dance came more to the rapid swirl of twisted waltzes, when the string-band music was shrill, and the dancing-ground goes to being her a dizzy of tied tendencies.

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross?"

"Second I have reason. I am sorry you pay so much attention to Birmingham. He's a puppy! He drew himself up haughtily.

"I am not bound to obviate early, sir!"

"Have I not the right?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Erving."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deeply he was wounded in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing towards her, and when next she had leisure to look round, Gilbert had forever gone from her.

"What have I done?" she thought, in dismay. "I'll see him this evening, and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be weak enough to be angry for a little thing!"

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentences that dent on the harm in this world—it's the little word!

"Such a charming day as we have had, Mrs. Trulow," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the hotel piazza, smiling and radiant as if the warm, crimson, was not gnawing at her heart.

"Had, of course," said the blooming matron, who was standing in the door-way under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Erving away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?"

"Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry he shall miss him so much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs and sat down in her room, looking out at the purple glow of the western sky, and as if it were a feather-less bird. So he was really gone away! and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Erving's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," she thought, with eloquent tears and anguish. "Still it is not my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

So Blanche Pevsey went home from the gay summer loungings of a watering-place and a wiser woman; and the November mists drooping o'er the brick-and-mortar magnificence of New York home, had never seemed half so dreary to her as they seemed now.

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down the drawing-room of her twilight drawing-rooms, with her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. "I never care for any one now as I cared for—for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and several-eighties! Ah, well-a-day! life cannot last for ever!"

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk.

"Are there any letters, Sanderson?"

"Geo, ma'am; I came by the evening post about five minutes ago."

Blanche sat down, and grew it to me."

Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, surprising a sigh.

"Black-edged—and black-sealed! So poor Mrs. Winchester is gone at last!"

It was from the executors of Miss Pevsey's distant cousin, Reginald Winchester, announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India islands where her health was tried for—which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just reached them. It was but a few lively unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had for some years been entirely out of the world, and a victim to breathless consumption.

"Leaving no kindred behind her, save a sorely repented Blanche, hoping her cheek on her hand, and looking into the fire with a pensive pucker of her sable brows. "Poor little fellow! he must feel keenly as desolate as I do, though I dare say he have one advantage—I have at least a rude health and strength, while he has the sickness which must be thrown perpetual sad shoes on his young shoulders. Yes, I must write to him and tell him how sorry I am for him. Yet, I suppose as if the sunshine were going out of the world for me." O, Blanche! naughty, naughty little Blanche!" she added, beating herself with her impromptu hat, her face mirrored in the glen stream at her feet.

"Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young Southerner? You don't; I tell her'er you're him—and now?"

The fronds trampled up into her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Errelsa cared for her.

"I wish I knew" she uttered aloud.

"Knew what?" asked a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Erving took up the bunch of grasses next to his feet, and looked at Blanche beside him—a straight, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather regular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche shrank perceptibly at him—she was not to be taken by storm this easily.

"Whether I would rain to-morrow, for example—do I want to wear my white India muslin?"

"Do you?" he asked, but forgetful that, when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scathe and brown-spotted maple leaf required a great deal of adjustment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche—shall I go or stay?"

"As you please, Mr. Erving, of course; I am just as somebody else pleases. Yes or No? And, Genevieve, you, too, shall decide. Which shall it be?"

"How witch does it mean?" questioned Blanche, hastily, half unnerved.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay."

"My Blanche—my little white dove!" he whispered leaning his arm on her head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned a new page in the book of her life.

She was very, very happy, and all that day the seemed to be floating through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came sober feelings, and that shadow might always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I'm not dressed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he accosted her late in the day, and he was not the merry inmate of the drawing-ground, "but I do think you might keep the office enough with that confounded puppy, Birmingham!"

"Jealous already?" answered the girl flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible liveliness of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You cannot have both again at your own risk."

At the word—and the young Birmingham came on.

"Hey! I have the pleasure of this polka with you, Miss Pevsey?"

And Blanche, defiant, and wilful, and a little piqued, answered:

"I will."

And gliding away with her plump hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no partner to do the polka-mazurka!

His grave, stern face rather startled her as the dance came more to the rapid swirl of twisted waltzes, when the string-band music was shrill, and the dancing-ground goes to being her a dizzy of tied tendencies.

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross?"

"Second I have reason. I am sorry you pay so much attention to Birmingham. He's a puppy!" He drew himself up haughtily.

"I am not bound to obviate early, sir!"

"Have I not the right?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Erving."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deeply he was wounded in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing towards her, and when next she had leisure to look round, Gilbert had forever gone from her.

"What have I done?" she thought, in dismay. "I'll see him this evening, and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be weak enough to be angry for a little thing!"

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentences that dent on the harm in this world—it's the little word!

"Such a charming day as we have had, Mrs. Trulow," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the hotel piazza, smiling and radiant as if the warm, crimson, was not gnawing at her heart.

"Had, of course," said the blooming matron, who was standing in the door-way under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Erving away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?"

"Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry he shall miss him so much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs and sat down in her room, looking out at the purple glow of the western sky, and as if it were a feather-less bird. So he was really gone away! and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Erving's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do

ancestrals which could best express her feelings, and Gilbert Erving drew her instantly toward him.

"If you value me, dearest, it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate—our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of strife. You will not retract your offer?"

His words, and Blanche, decisively said, "all I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and——"

"And I shall do very well in that capacity, love."

And sanderson, who had been listening dilligently at the door, crept down stairs to tell Mrs. Brown that "they were going to have a new master!"

"WAS IT THE PENALTY?"

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

John Greer was a respectable, industrious mechanic. His home was a large town, the business of which was principally devoted to manufacturing purposes. He was well-educated, in a manner that, if not polished, were quite those of a well-bred gentleman, which his occupation did not prevent all his being considered in that light, and which every man was the architect of his own fortunes."

John Greer, Sarah, was a sprightly, little, bright eyed woman, interesting and attractive, without being positively beautiful. She was looked on by all her acquaintances as a very fortunate woman, and reason in which she unanimously agreed.

John Greer was bright and happy soul. His disposition naturally social, he was very popular. He was fully reciprocated. No caricature of himself had led to his marriage with Sarah Hamilton, and found their chief happiness in each other's society. His prosperous business enabled him to surround his family with comfort, and a thorough knowledge of his trade, with a strictly honorable, upright character, secured a fair patronage was sufficient for the furnishing of his own home, and his family.

There were all the elements of happiness there. Love, prosperity, intelligence, with unbounded confidence,—there, with health, industry, and skill. Their future literary and pecuniary well and kindly of every one, made their bright home-circle, as it was, the center of all the joy the household jays.

So had the days and months since they lived thus, but for years. Two children were added to their family, and the cares and joys arising forth the pride of their parents. John Greer was, Mrs. Hamilton, as a proprietor and owner, who was already accumulating property. As a father he was fond and devoted, and passionately idolized his little home,—now a choice engraving of Sarah's face, and now a picture, not too showy carpet, or piece of furniture,—always something to add to the beauty of it.

In their home, good taste and judgment always ruled. Their means literary just to their desires, and both father and mother read and took pains to inform their children on subjects of interest.

In their home, good taste and judgment always ruled. Their means literary just to their desires, and both father and mother read and took pains to inform their children on subjects of interest.

"I shall never forget my first visit to your house, Sarah Greer," observed her husband one evening, as they were seated in the sitting-room, "and I am sometimes tempted to become my guest's child of Mrs. Hemans' poem, 'Where are your sparrow, brother,' I propose to adopt him, and experience, if I can, the joy of being the first place of his last mother. You may at last desire my father proposed to me, and I refused him with an expression, but I was nineteen last month, and I am not yet ready to leave you and my home, and I am not sure that I shall ever be ready to leave the property which was left to me by my deceased parents."

"I hope my cousin's executors are like the Duke, while making the marriage of my daughter an object, and Gilbert to himself as the father the little proposed to me, and I refused him with not cross old fudges, talking of 'expediency' and 'circumstances,' and I am not sure that I shall ever be ready to leave you and my home, and I am not sure that I shall ever be ready to leave the property which was left to me by my deceased parents."

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"I shall not worry myself with it, and it seems to become my point to think of it. So, you take the care of the property, and I will take care of you, and I am sometimes tempted to become my guest's child of Mrs. Hemans' poem, 'Where are your sparrow, brother,' I propose to adopt him, and experience, if I can, the joy of being the first place of his last mother. You may at last desire my father proposed to me, and I refused him with an expression, but I was nineteen last month, and I am not yet ready to leave you and my home, and I am not sure that I shall ever be ready to leave the property which was left to me by my deceased parents."

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"Saturday night—and this is Friday," glanced Blanche, walking up and down the drawing-room in her basket open. "O how glad I shall be!—Sanderson, why don't you shut the door?" the room fixed up immediately for Master Harold—mend, and have everything ready for my little darling. Saturday night, at five to-morrow afternoon to Liverpool."

"Saturday night—and this is Friday," glanced Blanche, walking up and down the drawing-room in her basket open. "O how glad I shall be!—Sanderson, why don't you shut the door?" the room fixed up immediately for Master Harold—mend, and have everything ready for my little darling. Saturday night, at five to-morrow afternoon to Liverpool."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sanderson, stalling in opposition of a great anxiety boy trumping with muddy boots on the new carpet, and the sound of the house with ball and sacrifice and long-spitting language, "and I'll be sure to hear the new boarding-carps which it seemed in for his nibs arrive. And a very nice little room it will be, and give us Miss Pevsey's residence on the following

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. IX.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE? AND IF SO, WHY?

BY REV. L. H. ATWATER, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

About fifty thousand young men in the United States are students in colleges. About two-thirds of the entire male population between the age of fifteen and twenty-one years are enrolled on the college books. Not more than two-thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become alumni of a college. In this estimate we do include the students in academies, high schools and seminaries, which intermediate practice as many more of the same age, but who never enter an institution to college. Nor do we include in the estimate the great body of students of Medicine, Law and Theology, but simply undergraduates. We find here an army of not unlikely thousand strong.

Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to go to college—and many of them are readers of the *New York Ledger*—for the advantage of this great multitude of young men is the object solicitous.

"Why should I go to college? It will not assure at least four precious years of time. If I am unprepared, it may require six years or more. It will cost, including expenses for clothing, books and travel, even if I seek the cheapest college, at least two hundred dollars, probably three hundred dollars, a year. And this must be taken out of the morning of my life. Will it pay?"

To answer this question, consider a few facts. These facts illustrate a principle.

In Lanman's "Dictionary of the United States Congress," published in 1859, the names and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred and eighty-two men (if we count rightly) are given, who have been members of the United States Congress, from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated in college. About as many more are said to have been well educated, (probably some of them in college), and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated in college or not being omitted. Now a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired by success in military service. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from a careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of colleges.

Following the general average, therefore, less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been graduates of colleges. But the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two! How shall we observe attention.

In like manner, according to the general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been graduates in college, and it would not have been strange if we got one single president had been educated in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as Presidents, all but two had been graduates in college, and three of the two non-graduates owed their elevation to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, overcame difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an educator, and to a large extent a scholar. Nine out of fourteen in the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred. The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again, take such a book as Allibone's History of Authors, and so you can never see the whole catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers and editors, at least, should have a systematic education equal to that obtained in college.

"But," says the hesitating young man, "I know of many exceptions." Of course you do. Many have achieved success in literature and science and in the professions by obtaining their training and skill in some other way. Genius will by reading books written by college-educated men, and by actual contact and work with such men. But this is a kind of left-handed operation. The man who works at disadvantage. If he very plucky he may succeed, just as one can learn to play on an organ without a teacher, or learn to speak a foreign language without a grammar. But why adopt the difficult and indirect method, when a better way is offered? If you could go from New York to California afoot if you please: better earn some money, buy a ticket, and go by steam vessel and railway.

Perhaps many a young man would reply to this: "I do not aspire to be a member of Congress, or the governor of a State, or an author, or editor, or teacher, nor am I anxious to enter any one of the professions, so-called. There are lawyers and physicians enough, and I am not called to be a preacher—is there any reason why I should go to college?

I reply by asking you a few questions: Do you wish to be to some a good stock of valuable mental power? Do you wish to train your mind, as well as your body, to act skillfully? Do you wish to learn the laws of thought, of language, of nature? If so, and your circumstances allow it, go where you can accomplish this end the best and surest. As it regards this, you will have no to be made of the years of youth in discipline. Why time is not a precious boy? A momentous infant, from five to fifteen, as digested and precise and profitable as at any time? You would not be shackled or moved to laugher to learn a child of three or four years old how to put clothes with a full beard? But why should the mind outstrip the body, or the acquisition outstrip the mind? It is wrong for a young man to be in any sense behind-hand in the right success of mature life. Those "men of business" from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, generally go to need early, and bear a heavy load, and have a scientific education to make a man of business—ever regretted that they had not touch time to go to college? Those who start at twenty-five will educated generally outstrip those who commenced business.

"But I am poor. I shall have to earn my own expenses."

Do it then. Thousands have done so before you—strong, successful men. If you cannot take this advice, do the next best thing. Become a teacher, and thus overcome poverty. Do not be in haste to get rich. There is true wealth in knowledge, in skill, in power, in a well-trained character. With these life is certainly safer.

"But what shall I study, if I enter college?"

A few years ago this question would have been about as significant as for a student with regular rations, or half rations, before him, to ask what shall I eat? All had prescribed courses. Now, however, there is a variety. In the University of Michigan, for instance, (and we refer to it only as an example,) there are five parallel courses of study, partly separate, and partly in common with each other, and all on one platform. The student selects his course. Shall I study the good old time-honored classical course, and be graduated A. B.—a scientific course, embracing Latin? or one excluding Latin and embracing modern languages, and be B. of engineering? or mining engineering? Do not decide this question hastily. Consider and take counsel. Make sure purpose. Are you young, or do you wish to become young? Then go to college. The classical course. Have you no taste for Greek or Latin? Then you are not a gentleman, and are liable, by a cool Scotchman. Perhaps you prefer the scientific course. Then you will be graduated on those lines. Or, if you will not complete a college course take such a part of it as you can. Wherever you leave off, you will thought you have acquired, and the discipline you have gotten, will be a great advantage.

I cannot conclude this condensed article—which, therefore, should be very suggestive—without remarking that I entertain no illiberal spirit, and that those who achieve success without the aid of college. Manhood is what we want, however acquired, whether in the printing-office, the blacksmith's shop, or on the farm. Strong men of common and obstacles. Young men, however, choose the easiest paths. Would you like to be a distinguished man, without college, without labor, or anything else? You would avail yourself of the best advantages, and be a well-trained, manhood wherever found, and however gained. But if you never would to school, or to college, if life," still it has a healthy brain, and a good heart, it deserves honor. It is a fine thing, and of a practice based on sound common sense. Indeed, how you are to make a man of a boy, and for man and God, and perseveringly pursue that course.

THE VERY EARLY AGES.

Archæologists, in classifying the ages, make no mention of the period in which we have lived. Yet we know that the antediluvians were industriously employed during the time that we call the "Age of Stone" with which our antiquity books are filled. Many of them were skilful mechanic arts, in the early days of Noah, than the world could have been in the days of Noah or a thousand years subsequent to the grand subversion. History, however, tells us that Noah discover the method of making brass, and long, long before the flood, iron. Tubal Cain, Noah's tenth three were multitudes of skilled workmen in the arts before the great diversion. Let us not need the ark itself was a proof that constructive skill had attained to a degree of excellence in that section at that very early day. True, the world was not as populous as it is now, but there were some had been expert artificers they could not have built the ark, and the necessary tools could not be furnished by the Creator. There is reason to believe that it was a work of great magnitude and signify specimens of naval architecture than a vessel of the size of the ark would be.

How was it that valuable arts were lost? Why was it necessary that the Deluge should sweep away all that had been accumulated by the ingenuity of the race? Why was it necessary to destroy the world and begin anew? Why did God not allow the Deluge to destroy the bad, and preserve the good, in order that they might go on and improve? Perhaps so, or perhaps the exigencies of the purpose of God in the world did not permit that anything but the soil. So that as it may, and that the arts that were to be preserved through the surviving world, instead of proceeding by the gradual and natural process of development, were extirpated into utter barbarism, and did not begin to be developed again for more than a period about three thousand years ago. Can anybody account for this? Can anybody give the second edition of the human race to profit by the pre-Adamite experience? Can we not be puzzling as a conundrum, and give it up in the meantime enter into the mystery? Yes, we are continually turning up to attest that since the days of the flood there have been three distinct periods of Tubal Cain and his brass-founders and blacksmiths, Jubal Cain and his harp-makers and music follows as Shem, Ham and Japhet, deliverance was wonderfully preserved by the ark for purposes because they had not sufficient ingenuity to build them.

THE "GENIAL ELEMENT."

The other day there was an extraordinary arrival at Cairo, Illinois, of no less than one hundred and two thousand of them landed as Castle Garden within the space of one week. The "genial element" to on the flattery when this large body or "stranger is a stranger bold" commenced marching through the gateway of the depot into the flattery grounds, we joined the crowd of spectators who were observing them, and saw the entire column in the march. A very odd column it was, and somewhat grotesque withal. Saxons, Germans, Bavarians, Brunswickers, Rhinelanders, citizens of Bremen, Frankfurters, and families from all parts of the valley of the Rhine figured in the throng, and the marked differences of costume rendered the spectacle extremely picturesque. The dresses of the women from the interior of Germany were, some of them, very odd, and provoked the laughter of the crowd; but the procession was a magnificent exhibition of frowned, hard-headed industry and vigorous muscle. The fatalities were not, as a rule, well-looking, although a number of very comely fraulleins among them; but they were built for labor, and had evidently been used to work up to it. Such emigrants must always be welcome here. There did not seem to be a single scapegrace in the long line of upwards of fifteen hundred persons. As it regards dress, they are staunch, steady-going men, earnest-looking, honest-faced women, and the queerest babies we ever saw, made up the column. By this time, all tired and perspiring, they arrive at the tavern, and were soon in the midst of the crowd, and in the midst of the crowd, and in the midst of the crowd, and

SEA-DRIFT.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I roamed the shore as the sunshine tipped
The crests of the waves with gold as they
And fragments of shipwreck, rim and ripped
On the circle of the heavy labor-ing sea.

Rude, grim skim of the recent gale
On the distant sand-reef, and ragged spars—
A battered hull with a ragged sail—
Clothe last thoughts and visions, years.

I moved among them, with pains to decipher
If I could, what the name of the ship might be;
That had been given when her strength and vigor
Was a symbol of living and fearless life.

Till a clamping of sea-gulls, hovering over
An exposed hull-timber, drew me nearer,
Where my listening foot far down the river
Within a cleft of water increased my speed.

Then the corpse of a mariner, young and fair,
Tossed on the tide-wash, and lifted and fell
On the water-washed bosom, all bruised and bare,
Was the name of the ship in front below.

"Revenge!" this was the name I read!
And, reading, I took a stone in a strange
While the seething waves fled the mariner dead,
And lit up the broad letters under on the stone.

Are we foolish or wise, that we will wend upon—
These high, dear hopes in our bosoms cherish,
When so much does sorrow, in spite of hope,
And the grief and the terror, and the fate, say

What, I pause. But, in parts of no small
Our lives and stores to our belongings
For the spirit that nerved them and sent them forth
May yet, sometime, mend an ill which exists with

As I drew the poor corpse for us from the sea,
I pushed on the stone with a sense of pain—
And a consequence, had from a neighboring tree,
Stripped a crape as I crossed the sands of the

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "CRUMBLING WALLS," "THE MAIDEN BRIDE," "HOW HE WON HER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXV.

HOW THE FASTED NET.

This account of the three days that
With cautious remain of every day,
Was given by Lord Lyon to Lord Ellerslie
As they sat in the library.
Yet if the same is rather heard
Than read, the reader will not regard
The manner of the narrative,
But the matter that is supposed here.

A few days after the Derby, Anna and Brooklin met by appointment at the hotel, waiting for the return of the general and Dick, who had gone down to the race-course in the Penelope Trelogny, but hoped to be back in time to take us home to the Tower.

Little Lenny was not with her now, in the drawing-room.

The meeting between the two young women turned upon the glories.

"It is wonderful how your powers of prophecy or second sight," said Anna.

"I shall not always know their value to be secure sight, since they prophesied to me such unseen things, but, indeed, I think it was only memory, replied Brunilla.

"Indeed?"

"Nothing more."

"But, how did she know Lenny was not my son when I told her he was?"

"By the same sight, dearest, which I think was sufficient as a great perfection. She could not have known you, Anna, through your veil, but she knew you for a woman and a mother. She knew by the same sight that Lenny was not your child, but was a mother's own."

"And by the same power she divined that you were both wife and mother."

"Yes; she looked into our face, not in my hand. They say that 'every face is a history, or a prophecy'—literally every face seems to be both to those skilful physiognomists, the gipsies."

"It is now twilight, dear, and I am full of such knowledge of human nature!"

"Of course. They may be very ignorant of books, but they are very learned in men and women."

"You must have studied the gipsy while she was studying you."

"I did, Anna. I watched her and others of her tribe for years before telling fortunes. I saw their twilight gave them a knowledge that the sunlight of day could not impart. I saw the supernatural powers of second sight and prophecy. I saw how they worked. For instance, they know as a general law, that the wishes of the young run in a line with those of the middle-aged among men, and usually among those of the opposite sex. Therefore, to the young they speak a prominent name in love; to the middle-aged, success in money matters; to the aged, length of days. If they see a cast of sorrow upon a young face, and no apparent cause, like a cast of the supernatural, for it, they will tell the dupe that he or she has been crossed in love, but that all will end well. If a lord or duke spoke to a middle-aged face, they will speak of monetary matters; if to a young one, of fortunate love prospects in the difficulty. If of wayfarers upon an old face, they will talk of long and happy years to come. Moreover, they think, since opportunity makes the thief, either, that it is safe to tell a blonde young lady that a dark young gentleman is thinking of her, and a brunette that her thoughts favor the attachment of a rosy-cheeked young gentleman; and generally they hit the truth."

"Yes. She must generally hold good. Witness Alick, Dick, you and me. Alick, a blonde, Dick, a brunette, you, a brunette, and I, a wee nestling and I was very willing to be left free to marry my dearest friend."

While Anna spoke the door opened and Miss Lenny entered, dragging in the nurse, and full of excitement.

"Run! run! dly Lenny ily!" he exclaimed, holding out a silver trinket in view, and then bolting out at the door and blowing a shrill blast.

Brunilla looked after him and smiled.

"Oh! oh! is gone! He shall be deafened!" cried Anna, clapping her hands to her ears.

Brunilla laughed with pleasure, for the instinctively kept the secret of the whistle; but Anna, who had heard the boy in her arms, called Flea to follow, and went to her own room.

"Where is he, Flea? Where is he, Flea?" she asked, as soon as she had her alone.

"Is father, ma'am."

"Tell me all about it."

"We were walking around the square, when all of a sudden we heard a whistle; but Mr. Alick—I mean Lord Kilspindie, as they call him here."

"Killiecrinkum, Flea."

"Well, I mean, ma'am, he's all the same, only worse, because of course it is much more devilishness, being over and above mischief, to kill Christians than so to do common people. Any ways, up he comes."

"And—What then? Go on."

"I didn't like him, though I was a mulatto to. I did as you directed me to do on such occasions. I stopped and made a curtsy, and handed little Lenny forward so as to place him in front of me facing of his father. And says he:

"How do you do, Flea? When did you arrive? Where did you come with?"

"And then, without waiting for me to answer them questions, he lifted up little Lenny in his arms, and says he:

"'Grandpa and Dick have returned, and the carriage is waiting. Come!'

"Quite ready, dear," answered Brunilla, making up all humor, and then going out and shaking hands.

They went to the drawing-room, Brunilla leading Lenny, who was seated blowing upon the whistle.

"Mercedes," Young gentleman this will not do. The silver guards will by suspicious and the proprietor will give us warning. We cannot afford that."

Who are you?" inquired the child.

"Dick, my dear," said Brunilla. "And this up, taking the instrument at torture from his lips to reply, and then putting it back and doing all his choice to stir an ear-piercing blast.

"Mercedes," said Dick, "I will be good. Don't take the whistle. What was gave the child, papa? I whistled to—to—Lord Kilspindie, only as one people if demanded the disposition."

"It was his whistle," replied Brunilla.

A sort of puzzle fell upon the child. Upon a spell of silence he inquired:

"Humph! humph! humph!" he uttered, as he turned his face from one to the other. "Where did he get his whistle, my dear?"

"Hector," said Brunilla, "he was lodging at this house when we first came to live. He left it, but he left his whistle behind. But he knew that we also were lodging here, for one day we met in the street, and he gave me a curtsy and came in and got a look at little Lenny's hair, and took it away with him in his."

"Then this is mine."

"Yes, my dear; we went driving, mode; the whistle before the door."

"Humph! humph! humph!" And he left the room, repeating that he has not been here since."

I believe so, uncle."

"Humph, humph; it is clear that the sight of him does not give me any pleasure, and I do not easily wonder I did not feel him."

"Oh uncle, dearest of Brunilla.

"My dear, your love may in time—or in eternity—become reciprocated by Lord Kilspindie, but it has not yet changed him into an angel or fiend, or even into a reasonably-decent man. He is a very devil with any decency left in him would be very annoying, but if, they will tell the dupe that he or she has been crossed in love, but that all will end well. If a lord or duke spoke to a middle-aged face, they will speak of monetary matters; if to a young one, of fortunate love prospects in the difficulty. If of wayfarers upon an old face, they will talk of long and happy years to come. Moreover, they think since opportunity makes the thief, either, that it is safe to tell a blonde young lady that a dark young gentleman is thinking of her, and a brunette that her thoughts favor the attachment of a rosy-cheeked young gentleman; and generally they hit the truth.

"Yes. She must generally hold good. Witness Alick, Dick, you and me. Alick, a blonde, Dick, a brunette, you, a brunette, and I, a wee nestling and I was very willing to be left free to marry my dearest friend.

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"'How do you do, Flea? When did you arrive? Where did you come with?'

"And then, without waiting for me to answer them questions, he lifted up little Lenny in his arms, and says he:

"'Whose child is this?' And says I, 'He is General Lyon's grand-nephew, sir, by your pleave, for I was sure all the time he knowed well enough. It was his self as

"'I didn't ask you whose nephew he is! I asked you whose child he is.'

"The same child whose hair you cut, sir, please,' I answered.

"'Bosh, girl, you little with me! Whose son is he?'

"Please, sir, I thought you knew. He is Mrs. Alexander Lyon's own son, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's and General Lyon's god-son.'

"'Humph! what's his name?' says he.

"'Master Leonard Lyon, sir,' says I.

"Then, as I am Lord Killiecrinkum, he is the Master of Killiecrinkum?'

"'Lenny and Master, sir! you don't say so?' says I.

"And he frowned at me, look at (under) but his Lenny heard, it puzzle in him, and he smiled and told me to follow him. And he took and bought him this whistle. And then he told me to take the boy home to his mother, so it was growing too warm to keep him out in the sun.

While Flea spoke, Brunilla's heart fell fast; she wiped them away and inquired:

"You know, Flea, when we first came here, he was lodging in this house. But I have not seen him lately. Do you know whether he is still here?"

"No, ma'am, he isn't. I asked that very question of the waiter; and he told me: 'my lord' had gone and taken apartments at 'Mivart's.'"

"We drove him away, I suppose," muttered Brunilla to herself.

"Ma'am, I don't think Mrs. Hammond or Mr. Dick, or the general knows of Mr. Alick being about. If they see me who gave Master Lenny the whistle, am I to tell?"

"Let me see. Brunilla was interrupted by a rap at the door. The valet of Anna without called:

AT THE TOWER.

"Gentlemen from the Tower, my lady!"

"Show them up," said Anna, turning upon him.

The guide smiled, bowed, did, makes, sometimes—what with living here, and what with going about the Tower, so many times a day. This way, ladies and gentlemen."

And he led the way from the Trafalgar Gate straight across the ward to an imposing gateway guarded by the Bloody Tower, leading through the embattled wall that encloses the inner ward.

"This tower," said the guide, "is the scene of the murder of the two young princes, sons of Edward the Fourth, assassinated by order of their uncle, Richard the Third."

"Was he not either and consider it?"

"The interior is not shown. It is occupied by some of the officers and as private apartments of lodgings."

"Oh, think of such an ancient and tragical place being occupied as a dwelling, where people eat, drink, and sleep!" cried Anna, in whom my spiritual condition would be it I lived in such a place!" said Anna, gazing on the grim walls as she passed them.

The party was next hurried by twelve strong minor towers, all of them formerly used as state-prisons—dwellings. I will spare the reader any of them as we go on," said the guide, "but I will call your attention to the Beauchamp Tower, added, pointing to the imposing edifice that they were then passing.

"Those noble rooms in the Tower—the Tower—the Tower!" cried Anna, in a voice of wonder. "Why, I thought that the kings of England and the held their court before Elizabeth's time!" Is that possible?"

"No, ma'am. The old Palace of the Tower was pulled down by Henry the Eighth, who occupied the south-east angle of the inner ward with the new one, on the site of the present Grenadier office."

"Why, a building so replete with interesting associations should have been destroyed, I declare!"

"There, ladies and gentlemen, that modern building on the north side of the ward is the old White Tower, is the Norte Armory, where Kingdom's ancient suits of our kings, in their ancient armors, are arranged in true."

"Oh, yes, we have been before the Horse Armory—we will see that at once, if you please!" cried General Lyon.

They crossed towards the White Tower and the Horse Armory.

"You now see before you, sir, the oldest and the finest of these interesting buildings. The White Tower is the most ancient as well as the most imposing of the buildings," said the guide.

"It should judge from its great size and general position," remarked the general.

"Yes, general, sir, in 1078 William the Conqueror, as a stronghold against enemies, the Saxon insurrections, who appeared his reign, as a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture, and as the scene of many interesting events, though it will take you through it presently; but now we are at the Horse Armory, which is the most modern of all the tower buildings, quite modern, as the work of Sir Christopher Wren, especially, having been built in 1688, four years after the Revolution."

Dick, who loved the ladies, passed them over to the wife of the guide, who at once led his party to an ante-room of the armory, where they were to wait for a new guide to take them through.

"Will you please to return here, sir? and ladies, if I shall be happy to show you through the White Tower and all the other towers of the Tower ward."

"Thanks," said the general.

And the man touched his hat and left hall. There were several other groups of sightseers waiting in the ante-room for guides to conduct them.

And presently there guides appeared, bringing such parties they had been attending.

One of them beckoning our friends to follow him, led them straightaway into a vast hall, some hundred feet in length by thirty in breadth, dimly lighted on each side by stained glass windows and decorated on the walls and ceiling with the most curious and valuable military trophies and emblems.

In glass cases under Anna's windows were exhibited such wonders of warfare with swords, as are nowhere else gathered together—helmets, gauntlets, shields, swords, spears, halberds and other specimens of armor, won from many a battle-field, variously formed, marked off, of all ages of history and all countries of the world.

Above and around the hall, hung the suits of ancient history or legend.

Let my reader be properly placed at any of these or board a vessel of the explanation uttered by their guide.

For down the centre of the vast hall, drawn up as in line of battle, was a grim array of equestrian figures, clothed in complete steel armor, from the days of the reign of England from the time of Edward the First to the time of James the Second, each man and horse in the armor of his day.

"This," said the guide, passing before the first figure, that stood upon an elevated platform at the head of the line, "is Edward the First, in the same armor he is said to have worn on his invasion of Scotland. You perceive he is represented as in the act of drawing his sword. Observe, if you please, sir, this beautiful specimen of chain armor."

Thus the guide went on with his explanation of these equestrian effigies of the old knights, calling the attention of his hearers to the most remarkable features of the exhibition and guiding their interest.

Each number of this party were deeply absorbed in the subject, but none so deeply as was Brunilla. Her exceptional powers received at the influence, imbibed all the inspiration of the scene. Her vivid imagination peopled the old turbes back to the storied age in which all these dead and gone heroes lived and acted.

"Henry the Sixth," said the guide, passing before the effigy of that unhappy king. "Notice, if you please, sir, this splendid specimen of ancient armor, sometimes called feudal armor."

Brunilla passed on, drinking in every word that fell from the crudite's lips, and reading the romance of mediæval history when, suddenly looking up, she detected a familiar figure in front of her.

Gone were the middle ages with their knights and chivalry and romance and spirit! Here was the present age, and knight and the intensely real present! Only that moment, but ten feet from her, stood her husband Lord Lyon, Lord Killiecrinkum! His back was turned to her, but the head and form were one of the giant canes before the stained-glass window, constituting a curious Persian device.

At her half-uttered cry he turned around,—saw her,—started,—and for the third time that event parting on the wedding-night!

But he recognized her with a look of astonishing stare. And then, seeing that the secret was discovered, he gave a quick glance at him, he seemed resolved to face the situation. Walking up deliberately he extended his hand to her slowly, bowed deeply, passed them, and went out by the nearest door in panoramic view.

"Humph, humph, humph, humph!" muttered the guide to himself. "That he will end impudence!"

Brunilla could not speak or move. She stood transfixed and motionless as any one of those figures around them. She knew that Lord General Lyon kindly broke the spell that bound her, by quietly laying his hand upon her shoulder and whispering:

"Dear dear, recollect yourself!"

She started, and recovered her self-possession at once, and in time to see Lord Killiecrinkum Dick led by the hand, pushing at the ante-room door, looking at the guide, and then at them.

"Mas, mas! dly Lenny had has!" panting up to the guide, and then to the gentlemen and ladies whose name he had forgotten.

"Humph, humph, humph again!" murmured Brunilla to herself.

"Oh, I will not trifle escape the notice of the guide. He has wind enough to blow his whistle through the Tower ten times over, for, strong, to General Lyon, to address:

"Lord Killiecrinkum, sir! His face is as well known here as any of the crown jewels!"

Weak, reckless of his best especial business, and ever ready for another effigy, he said:

"Lord Killiecrinkum! Lord Killiecrinkum! Pray observe this magnificent suit of armor, decorated with gold and jewels! It is said to be the same he wore on that immortal occasion of the meeting with Francis the First of the cloth of Gold."

"Pray proceed, sir!" I would rather—I would rather look upon Lucifer's self than Henry the Eighth's suit of armor, at this moment, sir, believe me, honestly!

But they passed on, passing now and then to gaze upon the armed and mounted effigy of some knight or king, famous in romance, renowned in history or tradition, until they reached the last figure in the line—James II.—the last monarch of the armed race in and armor worn on.

Then they passed out of the Horse Armory to Queen Elizabeth's Armory, occupying an apartment of the same size as the Horse Armory.

At the upper end was an equestrian effigy of the royal Tudor, mounted on a charger, and never needs at her father before her had out of his armor, and in the dress of the period.

Other groups of sightseers, with their guides, and individual inspectors of the Tower.

Conspicuous among these was the Duke's brother, the rack, the headsman's axe, and the block on which he was beheaded, and the Lord Lyon and his companions had been there but a short time when they were joined by, after a small, heavy door, leading into a flight of stairs, and leading to the armories of the ward, and leaving neither she nor Lord Lyon time to recover from the surprise.

Lord Killiecrinkum was accomplished for Whose Lordship passed the long years of his retirement, and the duties of the Tower of Londonship.

He had either enough for a sightseer, but I don't see where he got the Lord Killiecrinkum, and Brunilla's self-possession had returned in such a degree that she could look upon him with a calm eye.

Lord Lyon, however, was not so calm.

He was now receiving; but never suspected him of being so.

Dick and Sandad Brunilla, Lenny and Anna into the carriage, and was waiting to go when here came another for his uncle, who now followed and drove off. The drive from charging Cross to the Tower was comparatively short, but very interesting, taking our travellers through the most ancient and historical portions of Old London.

Drawing near its grim, old fortress of the kings of England, they saw rising above the stately crowded buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the Thames, the central keep, or citadel, known as the White Tower, and surrounded by its double line of fortified wall and by its moat.

The party skirted from their carriage at the great gate, flanked by embattled turrets at the southwestern angle of the wall.

Having paid their expenses each as entrance fee, they entered over the moat bridge above the moat and found themselves within the outer wall, between the two lines of defence.

Here, overpowered by the spirit of the past, and the scenes around, and the strange events, she was that children by in a church just in the dusk of evening, Brunilla walked on by the side of her husband without speaking a word, and only wonder if he did not think.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Anne's sufferings were so long past and now so vague, Drusilla's own were so present and so real. She was scarcely conscious of the remainder of her tour through the Tower buildings.

The guide led the party into St. Peter's chapel; told them it had been built in the reign of Edward I., 1297; and showed them the flag stones in front of the altar beneath which repose the remains of the sainted Lady Jane Grey, the venerable Thomas Cromwell, the good and great Somerset, the accomplished Surrey, the brilliant Essex, and many other less exalted but no less honorable martyrs to truth and patriotism, victims to bigotry and tyranny.

Leaving St. Peter's Chapel, our friends made the circuit of the twelve towers known as the inner ward. These in the "good old times" were all used as prisons, lodging for those who had had the misfortune to become obnoxious to despotism or fanaticism.

Among these the richest in historic associations is the Beauchamp Tower, named after the Beauchamp Tower, whose walls are all of over with the autographs or other inscriptions of the illustrious dead, who in its gloomy dungeons first drew the breath of their wretchedly ended lives.

The Bell Tower was pointed out as having been the prison of Lady Jane Grey; the Bowyer Tower as the Tower of the Earl of Essex; Devereux Tower as once the prison of the Princess Elizabeth where she was confined by the jealousy of her sister, Queen Mary; the Bowyer Tower as the place in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned in the butt of malmsey wine.

But that which filled the beholders with a deeper gloom than all the others was the Fifth Tower, called for the superstitious name of the dungeons the Little Ease.

Drusilla shuddered at the mere mention of the name, and turned hastily away.

"Come," said Anne, shuddering. "It is now evening, so we have not 'stopped,' but we have dined 'full of sorrow.' Let us leave the Tower with its gloomy dungeons and ghastly memories and the Towers of the Lord of Misrule and the mourning of black and red, for Bloody Henry Tudor, I suppose; and get out into the open air, and back to the wholesome nineteenth century."

General Lyon and Dick literally remonstrated the civil and attentive warders, and the whole party passed out of the Tower walls, entered their carriage, and returned to their hotel, where awaited them—a very great surprise.

[To be continued in our next.]

DR. PUFFER'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY MARY ELIA DALTAN.

Dr. Puffer was an old bachelor—a physician, who belonged to that class of medical practitioners who, having learnt certain rules and laws by rote, and having obtained a diploma, go to work on the principle that all men must be doctored in this same style in the same way, and that patients in a creature formed to swallow nauseous doses which do him no good, whether conscious—to feel great ills without a murmur and to die of a dispensation of Providence, making by accumulation against the doctor.

Under the idea that a physician's mission is to heal, that never entered Dr. Puffer's head. Disease is a great thing, in the last idea that could be a doctor's bread, save as the reputation of having mastered a difficult case, and thereby gained a handsome fee, or a long one, and consequently one that would redound to knowledge, and cause the doctor to be looked upon with awe and veneration by all the wooden sweating sickly who kind the suffering couches of the sumptuous dwellings of victims of gluttony, cupboard and other modes of medical superstition, which consumed in the field of sickness, people thought to shrink from patronizing Dr. Puffer, the difference in the bills of mortality in that district was quite enormous. To be sure, doctors of the same style remained—men who always have been "physicians in a little too late," or who "mistake the treatment"—a dozen times and yet "mistake the cause of the malady after the patient has sunk under it. But they were not found out, by Many never are. Perhaps Dr. Puffer did not talk enough or was not loud enough. Perhaps his practice died out, and he found himself in frightening circumstances, with nothing but the annuity of two hundred dollars which had been left him by his parents, as a fortune, and which to make fortunes at all have usually made them.

The doctor consequently had begun quite seriously to consider the comparative merits of some mild and agreeable, when the following letter from a sister, who had a few years before married a very old physician, arrested him in his torpor. It was a very unlucky letter, stating the fact that her husband had decided to retire from a business which had been wonderfully lucrative to him, he of course like what was all the better having been able to browbeat and intimidate people to such an extent, that they had to consent old wretch, with a smattering of Latin and a diploma, he had really made a great fortune; and when he had done so, a wonderful practice would be vacant, and that she and he decided on one would be so suitable to fill it as brother Richard.

"Dr. Puffer, struggling.

"To the station-house," said the policeman.

"Why am I a prisoner?" asked Dr. Puffer.

gasped Dr. Puffer.

"Prisoner—accusation—I——"

"You come along, and don't commit yourself any further," the man replied, sternly. "Whether it's punishable—come on!"

Dr. Puffer, thus addressed unceremoniously by his collar, Bachelor Puffer was not in a condition to ask for a word for a while. He was not in the least brilliant; and, having had the fear of the police before his eyes, he thought that any mistake was possible, and believed he had been arrested for the act of some fiend attempting to destroy Milly's doll—perhaps, even at her mother's instigation.

Not until the box had been carefully and solemnly conveyed to the station-house, and deposited on a solitary cot, did the truth flash upon him. He had indeed an evening party. He had dressed, light, and put both hands to his hair, and stared into the darkening street with his face open.

"It looks like a baby?" he gasped. "They think it's a dead one—they think I've committed infanticide! Oh, good Heavens! what a horrible thing. Let me out—I want to explain!"

But he was locked up for the night, and no explanation was possible until morning.

Of course, the farce could not continue long. It was not long before it was discovered that the murdered infant was the waxen doll of Milly Puffer was very far from being a baby. But for the sake of his nerves for infanticide having reached his elder and her husband, it became necessary that they should know the truth. Indeed, the papers had caught at it as an excellent joke, and it was impossible to conceal it from their eyes.

In that household the husband was ruled by the wife, and the wife by the child. The latter Milly could not be appeased; neither could Milly's mother. The doll's funeral was duly ceremonied, and Dr. Puffer was notified that the performance must be discontinued. Therefore, that the practice would be sold to another physician without delay; and the sequel of his fatal visit was his departure from the scene of his exploits in the city of doom, shaking the dust of it from his feet.

When last heard of, he kept an apothecary's shop, and had just given (by mistake, we hope) arsenic instead of cream of tartar to a very little girl who was fond of playing about his shop door with an immense doll in her arms.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE CAMERON PRIDE," "THE FATAL BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

On the same night that the sad advance of Mrs. Langley was made toward an acquaintance with Mrs. Bates had more than once maneuvered to bring the two together, and Mrs. Langley, who was rumored to belong to the crème de la crème of her native town, and whom as the merchant was his wife had a most splendid establishment, was not to be approached.

The virtuosity of Mrs. Langley, aided by the report that she was a woman of wealth and position, had rendered her an object of much attention, and she was invited to all the best houses in the place, which her desire to have appearances among the "upper ten" made her accept. Among these the Jeffersons who had cultivated her assiduities to a great degree, and who had invited her on this night she had chosen no intimation to accompany them.

Mrs. Gordon made her appearance at a late hour, accompanied by her son and daughter. After dashing the German, she went into the room with the gay young people of her own and others, to play and sing for them.

Mrs. Langley was sitting in the room on the arm of a New Yorker who ranked himself among the conquests of the season, when Gordon entered her he pretended her to Mrs. Bates, who in turn introduced him to the young New Yorker.

Nina gave her a penetrating glance, for she knew that Gordon had been introduced to Madame Perkins on the previous night, and was desirous to know her impressions.

But the frank, sweet smile on the lips of Mrs. Langley disarmed her suspicions, and the ingenuous words she addressed to her gave Miss Gordon reason to believe that she was the fascinating stranger to cultivate her acquaintance would be a wise step for her brother.

Mrs. Langley inwardly said:

"You will sing for us, Miss Gordon. I have heard that you sing very well indeed, for you have been to one of our vaudevilles, and you manage to get yourself invited to all the private musicales of the season, and consequently must be a proficient in the art. Well, I will make an impression on the bright-eyed stranger who has just introduced you to me, and who has in his most pompous tone said:

"Beautiful, indeed! Ladies are quite right, Miss Nina. Venus was born of the sea, and is worth no more than a sea-nymph, although she goddess as she was, she was scarcely more than a child when she was first married to Vulcan."

Miss Gordon at this a single glance of angry annoyance at his absurd blunder, and he hastily continued:

"What have I said—what have I done to merit an angry look from you? Ah, I see, Miss Nina, you absolutely pout!"

"Mr. Langley, you are a goose!" Milly, who had joined them, whispered in his ear.

"Am I indeed?" he replied. "Then, Miss Milly, you shall be my gander, and we will waddle about together."

Milly was always making it cry, and her mother often appealed to Uncle Puffer to say if she juvenile drama constantly going on between Milly and her mother was not "too exciting," in view of the wonderful opening. Dr. Puffer was accustomed to reply, deprecatingly, that it was.

If he could only have locked Milly out of his room, and locked her in, he would have been glad; but this would have been an unwarrantable liberty to take with a child, and of course he did not do it. Therefore every day, just as Dr. Puffer was at his dinner, the door would open, and Miss Milly, in the shortest of frocks, the waxen doll under her arm, and her face red with anger, would walk in with the air of one who had been deeply injured by her elder, and commence the extensive recital of her wrongs, which lasted for a time after which performance she would say:

"Now, Uncle Puffer, I want you to mend me the gutta percha head, warm from mouth outward, against the fire, immediately."

Then Miss Milly would declare that "papa" was "a dear," sitting down on the edge of the bench, she would wait to mend her, singing, "Eye bye, baby," at the top of her little voice while coming to the conclusion that "baby was bad, and would have to be whipped," and when Dr. Puffer shake it, would it, and set it upon her knee preparatory to operation.

"Aint so sweet not do to sop?" she would inquire, apparently in a state of anxiety, "aint him so sweet to turb Uncle Puffer by tying to mend him?" Milly, "Yes, Uncle Puffer."

Gus speak to signify yes. Then a production of a fish-hook and line, and holding the doll's red shoe. Walter requested from Uncle Puffer a dollar, and a tobacco in imitation of his own with the conversation of mamma and the maid dished over the baby English; and generally, Dr. Puffer, the proclivities of Milly into the old bachelor's domestic circle, the recommendation, to "do play with Uncle Puffer while I take pic ture."

Then out came the stove, the waggon, the tea-cups, and saucers, and Milly was in the midst of a village in a box, and goodness knows what else, and Dr. Puffer was in bed for an hour, and one of Dolly's ribs to what was a grand comedy to her, and a tragedy to the poor old bachelor.

"Aint she so coming" would be asked.

"Aint she so coming?"

"Aint she so coming, uncle? Hold my Dolly—I turn bad."

Then Dr. Puffer, Bachelor Puffer bore all this much longer than might have been expected of him—a long time indeed, and to no end. One night when Dr. Puffer's feelings had been more unusually lacerated than usual, he consulted and in his power. The temptation was great. It was a case of sudden death, and he longing to be rid of it.

Perhaps he argued, that the loss of his would refuse to be consoled by another doll, and would be a case of insanity, one of those cases, at least just such another horrible, bald-headed creature could not be found, and that Milly deserved cruelty; and he would in any case punish her himself shortly after, and that would be the cause of the misery after the patient had sunk under it. But they were not found out, by Many never are. Perhaps Dr. Puffer did not talk enough or was not loud enough. Perhaps his practice died out, and he found himself in frightening circumstances, with nothing but the annuity of two hundred dollars which had been left him by his parents, as a fortune, and which to make fortunes at all have usually made them.

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And it may be supposed that Dr. Puffer went. He found the relative living in splendor, with a retinue of servants, and everything bearing testimony to the fortune of its owner.

He was received in friendly fashion and taken in as partner, preparatory to the complete resignations of his brother-in-law; and being settled in immediately by long-suffering families of people who somehow had died under the hands of old doctor's hands and who had only been saved themselves by the merciful dispensation of some sad nurse who had obstinately taken her own way, or by their own repugnance to the drugs and blue pills, was already prosperously on a rain road. Moreover, his home was with his brother, and but for one circumstance he would have been happy.

That circumstance was one which would scarcely have made any one else wretched. Perhaps it would rather spoilt it in a combination of circumstances. His sister had a little girl, and the little girl had a big doll. This was all, but it was enough to poison Dr. Puffer's cup of happiness.

Dr. Puffer was one of those people who hate things which other people invariably like. He hated strawberries. He hated peaches. He hated roast turkey. He hated a warm spring day. He hated an evening party. He hated eggs. He hated tea. He hated hansom young men and pretty young girls. He hated their young mothers and their babies. He hated lee cream. He hated talkative people who laughed a good deal. He hated Newfoundland dogs. He hated the opera. He hated a comedy. He hated to hear two young people sing a duet. He hated unintended puns, and popular practices, and new novels. He hated flowers and he hated children, and he hated Milly Puffer. He hated to see dancing. He hated all children, and particularly little girls. He hated to see them eat soup, or jump, or run. But if there was anything he hated worse than all other things, it was to see a little girl playing with a doll; and this little girl played with nothing else.

By rain, baking children as he did, had he invented a toy more, and purchased a little carte, a stove and a churn, and presented them to the child in hopes that that would do the women from her favorite pastime.

But Milly played with it, is true, but only in conjunction with her doll. Any woman would have known that the doll would be the case, but it was an unexpected blow to the old bachelor. She took the doll to ride in the cart; she churned imaginary butter in the churning; she made imaginary tea in the stove of stove, thinking all the while with her speechless beauty, in imitation of her mother's conference with the cook. Nothing was gained by the gifts but new annoyances.

The doll, too, was, Dr. Puffer's opinion, the most horrible of its species. It was a large composition figure of a wax-doll baby. It was the same size. Its head was bald. Its eyes would look shut and open; and, moreover, squeezed at the mouth, and it emitted the most horrible cry of a baby in pain.

Milly was always making it cry, and her mother often appealed to Uncle Puffer to say if the juvenile drama constantly going on between Milly and her mother was not "too exciting," in view of the wonderful opening. Dr. Puffer was accustomed to reply, deprecatingly, that it was.

If he could only have locked Milly out of his room, and locked her in, he would have been glad; but this would have been an unwarrantable liberty to take with a child, and of course he did not do it. Therefore every day, just as Dr. Puffer was at his dinner, the door would open, and Miss Milly, in the shortest of frocks, the waxen doll under her arm, and her face red with anger, would walk in with the air of one who had been deeply injured by her elder, and commence the extensive recital of her wrongs, which lasted for a time after which performance she would say:

"Now, Uncle Puffer, I want you to mend me the gutta percha head, warm from mouth outward, against the fire, immediately."

Then Miss Milly would declare that "papa" was "a dear," sitting down on the edge of the bench, she would wait to mend her, singing, "Eye bye, baby," at the top of her little voice while coming to the conclusion that "baby was bad, and would have to be whipped," and when Dr. Puffer shake it, would it, and set it upon her knee preparatory to operation.

"Aint so sweet not do to sop?" she would inquire, apparently in a state of anxiety, "aint him so sweet to turb Uncle Puffer by tying to mend him?" Milly, "Yes, Uncle Puffer."

Gus speak to signify yes. Then a production of a fish-hook and line, and holding the doll's red shoe. Walter requested from Uncle Puffer a dollar, and a tobacco in imitation of his own with the conversation of mamma and the maid dished over the baby English; and generally, Dr. Puffer, the proclivities of Milly into the old bachelor's domestic circle, the recommendation, to "do play with Uncle Puffer while I take pic ture."

Then out came the stove, the waggon, the tea-cups, and saucers, and Milly was in the midst of a village in a box, and goodness knows what else, and Dr. Puffer was in bed for an hour, and one of Dolly's ribs to what was a grand comedy to her, and a tragedy to the poor old bachelor.

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In his sister's house Dr. Puffer was compelled to see it. He was compelled to see it in the parlor, in the dining-room, in the nursery, in the kitchen, in the area, and in the street, and he was impossible to escape from it.

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tered it in the envelope she had prepared for it, after carefully sealing it, she gasped :

"It is finished. Look it up in the census, son, and leave it till I am called home."

This was scarcely accomplished, and the key committed to her, when she fell into violent convulsions, and the two who watched by her bed saw no one recognized who could be her last. And so the romantic action ceased at last, and its tragic denouement was left to be worked out in another region.

Mr. Gateway was hastily summoned, but before he reached her side, she had passed on earth and all its troubles, and both nurse and physician had lost their chance of adopting daughter had lost their chance of inheriting her fortune, so far as her will could bestow them.

Mr. Gateway had made a hurried inform, and returned to search beside her through those hard hours, but when convinced that all was over, he made a memorandum of the address following note to Fenton :

"Mr. Gateway :—The case succeeded too well, as he could has filled me with compunction for the part I have played. I did it for the best, but it has cost me very sadly.

"In Sixteen to-day, and I am astute that her death was hastened by what she now and then partook of. Whether it came from her partner into her Everything went of according to plan, and Madame Sixteen expressed her sentiments as had planned, but the will woman was taken back to her apartment in a state of great excitement. She had one of her attacks in the carriage, and was quite unable to control herself, fearing the fully made of all chance to secure the property, and the loss of the will. She was quite delighted a codicil to it, but when the document was unable to sign for, for she took exception to her from giving anything to me, as had I advised my nurse to do a witness.

"Somehow or other the will was never sent to me, into my daughter of what has happened since. I am not sure that I ought to do so, but I am sure that I ought to do so, but I am sure that I ought to do so, but I am

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SENTIMENT VS. STOMACH.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Let us go to the country, Mary,
And taste the nectar of dew—
Let us choose some rest, in a sultry spot,
Like the "ranks of home" here do—
Let us bask in the summer's beauty,
And drink of her rosy wine—
It will make time cool, like the starry skies,
In shelter bounty blind.

Try to the country, Harry,
We could really not do this;
But a little out, in a sultry spot,
Is the place for you and me.
Time to revel in summer's beauty
And better my point have stated,
And never to wear my best new hat!
It never would do at all!

But the birds are singing, Mary,
So sweetly in the trees;
And the fragrant flowers, in their rustic bowers,
Are scenting the passing breeze.
The rills are murmuring softly,
With their silvery ripples bright,
And the shaggy fringe is the golden light—
You would love them all, Harry!

You know quite well, my Mary,
That in place of singing birds
I adore a trill, or a gay quadrille,
Or a love tune set to words,
And instead of the common breezes
That by the virginia groves
So said and true, I prefer Cologne
And my favorite Eau de Cologne.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XVI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"SOME, SWEET WOMAN."

Day after day, and week after week, our ship bowled along with nothing to ruffle the smooth tranquility that had settled down upon all on board. Most of the time we had the trade-winds; sails set upon both sides, below and aloft; and with a moderate breeze the ship would glide along that unchangeable might have about upon the cable-laid rope that was stretched from stem to stern from the capstan. The fresh-water fresh lasted us until we were within a degree of the equator, and then came a season of calms and variable winds; but we worked our way thru gth thru without much trouble, and in latitude 4 degrees North we found the North-east Trades, which we kept upon the beam, sailing along merrily enough. As the Tropic of Cancer we lost the steady wind, but were fortunate enough not to encounter any protracted calms, though we found, now and then, a head wind. By good fortune, we had a spell of northerly winds, and our rapidly fell more than a degree and a half to the point at that about the same date as that on which he had made it by observation.

As our voyage was drawing towards its close I had hi—when we had entered the Gulf Stream, and were fairly approaching the New England coast, our spirits returned to us. As for myself, I had learned during the months I had spent on ship-board! I had lifted to myself that the most possible way I had tried to do my duty. I could "hand, reef, and steer" as well as the best sailor on board; and I could take an observation of the sun, at the noon, or at sun-set, and work out latitudes from double altitudes. My ambition was, that I might be allowed the honor of an able seaman on the next voyage. There were some pleasant associations in store for me, and my home in the cabin; but in the boy who means to persevere there is always a hope for the future, and I was full of expectation. ... Wish my own disposition from what it would have been with most boys. There was something in my free and wild disposition, and in my readiness to assist my shipmates at all times, that was quite over-ruled, and I do not think there was a man on board the ship who ever thought of fastening up his nose at me because I mowed in the cabin, and I never heard the remark but once—and that was from Ned. McGuire when he was mad—that I had come aboard "through the cook's galley."

On Friday night, March 28th, in this year 1851, I came on deck at midnight for my watch. At two o'clock Capt. Matthews pointed over the larboard bow, and said, "Mr. Wood, I saw. I told him, a light. And then he added me, did I know what it was? "It must be Cape Cod," said I. And I was right.

On we went, with a fair wind, and when daylight came land was visible ahead; and at eleven o'clock on Saturday forenoon we let go our anchor in Salem harbor. But I could not leave the ship on that day, and I did not ask it. I nursed in with a will and helped clean up the deck, and arrange the rigging, and when I left the boats and before dark we had got our berth, and had the old ship warped up to the wharf, and given in charge to the officers of the custom-house. I went to the cabin and told him if I might go set home on the next day.

"Certainly, my boy," he said, "and I shall be welcome to set before you do so. I wish to speak with you. I will see you in the cabin in half an hour. I am going up to see the owners now."

At the appointed time I was in the cabin, and Capt. Matthews soon came down.

"Sit down, my boy," said he, in his pleasantest way, "your first voyage is short over, and I would like to have you with me you are pleased."

I told him that I was far better pleased and satisfied than I had anticipated.

"And how is it about another voyage?" he asked.

"That depends," said I, "upon who is going to command."

"If I live, I shall go," he told me. And I answered him—

"And if I live, and you will take me, I will go with you."

Upon that he cried, "Good!" And having taken my hand, he added:

"Tell your mother from me that her son is the best boy I ever had on board my ship; and he grows if you may inform her that I shall consider you will receive a promotion never before given to a boy in the first voyage he ever made.

You should be signed as an able seaman, and upon full seaman's wages."

I could hardly credit the evidence of my own senses.

"It is true, Jack," said the captain, "and now how I took it; "and to show you how Mr. Grey appreciates the character of the services of you, I will inform you that you are to go with me to his store, and there you will find a suit of clothes you can find. I have given him your measure. Come, I will go with you now. We'll have plenty of time before they shut up. It's Saturday night, and they keep open later than usual."

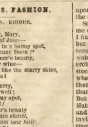
I danced full bow proud and happy I was at that moment. The thought of the new clothes was pleasant; but what was a seaman's outfit with that richer blessing of the good name which I had won; and as I thought of what a priceless gift that character of her boy would be for my mother, the tears filled my eyes till I was fairly blind. Capt. Matthews looked late my face, and I believe that he might think that it was my good fortune alone that moved me, I told him the truth.

"Those tears," said I, "come from the thought of the joy I shall give to my mother when I convey to her your message."

"Heck, you're a noble boy!" cried the captain, starting up, and giving me a hearty slap upon the shoulder. "And now let us go up to the store."

So we went up to the store, where I picked me out a suit of the best clothes they had. If I had been alone I might have been over-cautious, but Capt. Matthews would allow me to take no second-rate article. I had a jacket, trousers, waistcoat, a pair of shirts, a fine black silk neckerchief, a pair of shoes, some fine white stockings, and a light, fancy jaconette hat; and, when we had got them all selected, I carried them down and board the ship, more anxious than ever for the coming of the next morning. But my good fortune did not end here. Capt. Matthews had volunteered to go to my homeward, and visit his family on the coming day, and he invited me to take a seat with him in his own ringe.

Mrs. Matthews was a most amiable, and beautiful; and, at an early hour, I was rigged in my clothes. As I accompanied myself in the mirror I could see that I had changed some considerably since I went away. I was taller, and was much stouter, and the look of care upon my face gave me an older look. And furthermore, I thought to myself that I was not looking bad; and I think the price I felt was pardonable. At all events, I felt free proud of my appearance, and I am not ashamed to own it. At six o'clock we set out for home, and at the end of two hours, Capt. Matthews pulled up at a cross-road



within about two miles of my home. That was the nearest point to which the stage would go, and promising to be there on the following morning with the team, the captain bade me good-by and had the ship.

I followed the cross-road a mile and a half, and then turned off into a field to make a short cut to the road beyond. The field was full of stone walls, across so many fields and pastures—and I stood upon my mother's back upon a hill, from where I had worked many an hour with a hoe. I could see her plainly. I could almost hear the sound of the hoe-blade striking the stones as she struck it into the ground. I could see the bend in her back as she stooped over, and the brown dress she wore. I could see the sun-bonnet that she had worn through all the years that she had been working with me. I could see the little cottage over the hill upon the right of the road, and then up the hill upon the top of which my home was situated. I could see the well with the long sweep in it. I followed the maiden path that led and walked rapidly until I came to the summit; but there my pace slackened, and I found my heart beating strangely. I paused to control the crown of the residence, and presently the topmost branch of the apple-tree in the centre were revealed against the clear western sky. A little further, and I saw the tops of the red chimneys; then the old roof; then the upper story windows, with the lattice-work trellis for the branches over the rear porch; and soon the whole house was before me, but as I said it was no mouths before. There was the barn, with the old hay-mow, and the cows were milking; their shoulders against the rails of the fence. And there, upon the bench, I discovered my old mother, a little to the right, was the pond where I had chased the wild-ducks, and the old log-house-mine—but I had called my miniature ship, and the old log-house—where I had played at ship and slab-road.

Only ten months! But I was a boy, and this was my first return from my first absence. In ten months, however, I had grown from a boy into a man. I stood there, with my hand upon the top rail of the fence, and looked upon the old scene, and I felt that I was a man. I felt that I had seen the world, and had learned something of its ways. I felt that I had been tried, and had not been found wanting. I felt that I had been tempted, and had not yielded. I felt that I had been tempted, and had not yielded. I felt that I had been tempted, and had not yielded